

## clementine touches

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## clementine touches

by [xshittylialife](#)

### Summary

"You would tell me if I made you uncomfortable, right?"

"Uhm," George nodded, closed his eyes, just focusing on Dream's fingers drumming over his skin. "You would tell me if you were in love with me, right?"

-> Covid is over. George can come to Florida in all his touch-starved glory. Turns out Dream is ready to fix that.

### Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

# know my heart still has a suitcase

## Chapter Notes

I'm sick. I'm touch-starved. I'm soft for them. I'm new in town.

(Anyways yeah I spent my two days of fever writing fanfiction. It says a lot about me.)  
((also this is not gonna be long just 7/8 chapter))  
(((kind of inspired by clementine by Halsey)))

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George has never been the kind of person that would appreciate touching very much. He really just blames his family, he can't really remember any hugs shared between him and his parents up until he was of age and leaving for college, and even then, it felt performative for the people that were around the train station when his family went to see him off.

So yeah, he is not a touchy person, it's not a problem really, up until he became somewhat of a popular streamer and people now tried to touch him all the time. He knew it meant nothing, the random touches to his shoulder, the short-shared hugs, but every time he felt his skin fire up, it would itch with the feeling of other person so close to him and God, his heart did not know how to deal with that.

And then a pandemic hit and he hasn't physically touched anyone in a year and suddenly had a deep craving for it, to just... have someone close.

His wishes were never fulfilled.

It was overwhelming now, sitting on a plane with a stranger pressing a shoulder into his because that already felt like too much even though it shouldn't. He tried to ignore it, the hotness starting up under his skin.

Maybe this was good to prepare him for what's waiting for him as he gets off the airplane. He is sure neither of the boys is going to hold back in squeezing him tightly, they have been waiting years to finally meet and see and touch each other.

*Touch.*

He knew Sapnap shared his discomfort with it a bit, but then again, he watched him change into the touchiest person in a matter of three streams with Karl, so maybe it just depended on the person.

But Dream, he heard so much, especially from Sapnap, he warned him repeatedly just so he can mentally prepare himself, he probably knew that George needs to mentally prepare himself for that.

The shared words about touches on the lower back as he passes you in the kitchen, the shoulder bumping, cuddling on the couch, long unexpected hugs, it all was still fresh on his mind. He tried to imagine it but his skin was already cringing into itself just from this slight shoulder touch from a complete stranger so he really doesn't know how he is going to be able handle... that. Him.

There will probably need to be a talk about some boundaries pretty early on. He is going to have to

test out those boundaries first though.

The announcement finally comes, they're beginning their descent and now George's skin itches just from all the anxiety filling up his body.

It feels surreal in a way, to finally sit here, after so many tries and so many fails. He never had money for this before YouTube. After YouTube took off Covid did too and he was denied meeting his best friends once more.

He generally liked oceans, just hated this one for separating him from what he really wanted. And also, being so goddamn big, he has been on a plane for 10 hours and his body was crumbling into itself. He fastened his seatbelt and lounged back into the seat. Just few more minutes and he could stretch his muscles. He could see them, his friends, and begin what would be a new chapter. A few more minutes and he would find out how touch-starved he really was.

His anxiety was mixing with excitement as he was walking through the unfamiliar airport with his two big suitcases trailing behind him, one full of pieces of his setup because it seemed like a better idea to have eyes on it on a plane instead of just shipping it. Best would be if he could just somehow magically teleport everything to his room in Dream's house. This was so much work. It wasn't easy on his tired limbs but the adrenaline from being in an unfamiliar place and all alone kept him strong enough, up until he saw a very familiar green hoodie come into view. Dream was typing into his phone, leaned on some mural structure, Sapnap next to him looking around lazily, completely missing and skipping over George.

Of fucking course he would.

What was even worse was that Dream was holding that godforsaken Dream mask in his hands. Sapnap had a white bandana around his head. Were they...cosplaying themselves? What the fuck?

He began slowly walking towards them. Sapnap finally locked eyes on him and began nudging Dream quickly, who put the mask over his face, bit too late, and they were walking towards him.

"About fucking time," Sapnap uttered and hugged him. It was short, exactly all George could muster. He patted his hand a few times, the touch felt awkward but it was okay because his wide smile made up for it. He looked at his bandana then, eyebrows raised. "Please don't ask, it was his idea!" he pointed to the man towering over them with that menacing mask.

"I think I'm just gonna wait for the next flight back," he scrunched up his nose and he saw Dream's shoulders slump.

"It was supposed to be funny but Sapnap wasn't paying enough attention to surprise you!" Dream whined but let the mask down and George stared at his tanned face, the freckles making a bridge over his nose, and just smiled. He tried to open his mouth to give some funny retort back but then a second passed and he was suddenly in an excruciatingly painful hug, Dream holding him as if afraid that his threats about going back were real. He squeezed him even more, he felt him let out a breath so close to his ear, their heads smushed together by the embrace.

George... No one ever hugged him like this before.

No one ever hugged him like this, like they really meant it and were thankful to hold him in their arms and appreciated every second of it, like hugs weren't just polite commodity.

His body responded with the oh so traditional anxiety, he felt hot, god, Dream was so warm, and he didn't even know on which part of the touch to concentrate because Dream was everywhere, in

every single space of his being.

George could never really smell other people's scent, unless they smelled very very bad, but now he could easily tell that Dream uses some apple shampoo and the same brand of aftershave he does. It felt too intimate.

Sapnap haven't prepared him nearly enough.

"Okay, let him breathe please!" Sapnap laughed and Dream's own laugh echoed through George's entire being. God he really was not prepared for something like this.

"Please, I saw you taking photos for twitter, you're enjoying this too!"

"It's prime content okay? People were waiting years for this moment!"

"We were waiting years for this moment!" Dream laughed and he finally stepped back, only a bit, his hands stayed on George's shoulders. His tone softly lowered. "I'm so glad you're here," he sighed happily and George just stared.

"Sapnap was right, oh my god," he said and then they all burst out laughing. Dream's hands left his shoulders and George's body didn't know how to deal with that either.

Dream took one of the suitcases and nodded to Sapnap to take the other. His hand was around his wrist now, the wrist that the stupid mask was still hooked around. George stared at it a bit longer.

"God that thing is hideous!"

"Are you calling me ugly?" Dream raised a brow but he laughed. He still held his wrist all the way to the parking lot and to the car and George still felt like he didn't get a chance to settle into his body just yet. They loaded all his luggage into the trunk of the car and then George was in the backseat, feeling tired and worn out. It felt nice to finally have some space without another presence, he gladly let Sapnap take the front seat even though Dream protested. He was now looking at him through the rear-view mirror, still unable to keep the smile from his face.

"We have like an hour drive to the house, you can nap," he said because he probably saw how his eyes kept closing on their own. George hardly nodded as he let his head fall back and sleep overtake him. There was enough time for them to talk after.

## Chapter End Notes

If you ever question anything during this story, again, remember I had a fever. I misspelled George's name every single time too and called him Geroqe during the whole story and now I had to go back and fix it all. Fun!

Also I feel like I was write Sapnap as kind of empty so I'm sorry, I can't figure that man out.

thank your for reading :)

# I don't need anyone, I just need everyone

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

He awoke as soon as he felt a hand on his shoulder. Dream seemed a little surprised with the sudden movement, his hand pulled back suddenly, there was weird look in his eyes, a frown on his face.

"We are home," he said then, softly, and something about that word made George just stare at him, feelings clouding his head and he was unable to process them all.

Home.

*Home?*

"I already told Sapnap to haul your things upstairs. He was pretty mad about it, wanna watch him struggle?" he laughed and extended a hand to him again and George finally chuckled, his brain finally letting him move out of the car into the cold garage. He didn't take the offered hand but he still followed Dream into the house.

"If it smells overwhelmingly like Christmas it's because of Sapnap, he was worried you would hate our stink and leave immediately so he took it upon himself to spray out our whole air freshener," Dream rolled his eyes fondly and took off his shoes, immediately leading George into a bathroom to wash the airport bacteria off their hands. It was the first room he really got to see and George could tell they were cleaning for his arrival, the sink was all but stark white, new towels hanging right next to it, hard and never touched.

Did they buy new stuff just for him?

"Do you wanna see the house first, or your room?" Dream was suddenly in his personal space all over again, leaning over him to wipe his hands too and God, he will never get used to the casualty of that.

"Hm, both?" he responded quietly and Dream just chuckled, he was holding his wrist again then and leading him out. George still didn't find the strength to tell him off. Haven't decided if he minded really. It was new to him, all that Dream seemed to be. But not all that bad.

He let Dream lead him into every room, point out stupid stuff like *that's where Sapnap bumped into the table and got that big bruise* or *that's Patches' favourite place, no one is allowed to sit in that chair*. It felt all weirdly domestic, some rules about how Dream will riot if he doesn't keep up the fridge order or how the third stair on the way up is the loudest and will definitely creak.

Dream showed him his room before his own. He stared at the normality of it all, having seen only bits through Dream's shitty webcam. It somehow felt too clean for Dream. All shelves were filled to brim with trinkets and memories but everything seemed to have its place. His bed was neatly made, sheets looked fresh. Was that for him too?

He showed him the fanart room and office that he knew to be lime green but the yellow he saw changed the visual absolutely. He couldn't wait to get his enchroma glasses out and go through it again with the full spectrum of colours.

They peeped Sapnap's room too, all messy sheets and clothes in the corner and he ushered them out

quickly.

"It's my room, it doesn't need to be clean for him!" he shouted at Dream's complaints. George couldn't help but agreed with Sapnap.

Finally, Dream showed him the room that would be his. He looked at the small sticker of white goggles on the door and smiled before stepping into a stock image of a room, bed, some closet, dressers, table. The only things showing a hint of personality was the gaming chair near the table and he immediately walked over to it.

"You bought this for me?"

"Yeah, it's similar to the one you had in the UK but better," Dream said as he looked around as if questioning the room himself. George's hands slipped over the navy blue and something in his chest struggled to bite down how considerate it was, he didn't even remember ever telling Dream about what chair he liked and was using and he still somehow seemed to know.

It was scary to be known. It was enticing to be known.

"Also, I gave you satin sheets just because I love them and I feel like you will like them, but if you hate then I have some cotton sheets prepared, but I swear the satin ones are like really good ones, it's supposedly like better for your skin and hair and the temperature regulation and-"

"God, dude breathe," Sapnap laughed from where he was leaning on the door frame. "Satin sheets are shit George, don't trust him," he said and immediately got a death stare from Dream.

"You haven't even tried them how can you-"

"I just know they're shit because you sleep in them," he rolled his eyes, "Or would they be more of a piss-" and Dream punched his shoulder lightly.

The sound of it was all familiar but the proximity of it all made it hard for George to interact.

"I guess I'll try them out," his voice felt too quiet and lost in the laughter of the other boys but Dream still looked at him with a wide smile.

"Are you tired? Hungry?" he asked.

New things to know about Dream:

1. Is touchy
2. Is a mother hen
3. Likes satin sheets?

...

The room still felt foreign even after he unpacked almost everything in his suitcases, with the help of the others of course, mainly because Dream couldn't leave his side and Sapnap didn't want to be left out.

He unpacked it all, stuffed his clothes in the drawers and the closet, let his trinkets all over the shelves, hanged up some important stuff he couldn't leave behind and then shared dinner with the boys on his bedroom floor while Dream was plugging in all the cables needed for his computer that he brought with him and monitors that Dream had for him waiting. His expensive camera survived quite well and he figured he could easily order a new ring light and a green screen, and then the

setup would be almost the same.

Almost.

The room still felt foreign and it didn't help that he was in a foreign bed, on a new mattress, with a completely new texture of sheets against his skin. He hasn't decided yet if he liked the satin. It felt somehow too soft, too slippery.

The room, the whole house actually, was too quiet. He found himself picking his phone again and again but it didn't bring him any comfort, the night felt too brisk, it was just putting off his sleep more and more. It was even worse because now he didn't even want to go explore the empty parts of the house for the fear of not knowing how to navigate it just yet. He would definitely falter and step on the third step, he would definitely sit down in Patches' special chair or put milk on the left fridge door instead of the right.

He kind of missed Dream's voice on a call.

*I can't sleep*

It was a simple message sent out of pure desperation. He heard a door down the corridor creak. There was a soft knock on his door but he didn't even have to say anything and Dream's head poked in. He walked in quietly and shut the door behind him.

"Your room doesn't have soundproofing yet," he whispered and chuckled then as he walked to the bed and settled near the end, right next to George's feet. He sat down, cross-legged, and just smiled. "Jetlag?"

"I don't know," even his whispers sounded foreign in this night. "I just... haven't settled yet," he hoped Dream would understand, tried to understand.

"The first night after I moved out, I slept on a couch because it felt more familiar than my bed," he whispered softly, a soft smile on his face.

"I guess I miss that. The familiarity. Cat," he blinked slowly, he remembers the little beast, now in the care of his siblings who were more than happy to take it from him, he almost felt a little bad. Cat didn't like touch almost as much as him and they were surely showing him with cuddles. Cat had his own version of Dream then.

"I hope you will find it soon," it sounded too genuine, so much that George felt like crying but he pulled it back together. Feelings always got to him under the silence of nights, there was something too soft in Dream's words, especially when whispered into the dark.

"What do you think about the satin sheets?" the change of topic was welcomed and Dream crawled across the bed next to him. "God your mattress is kind of hard huh?" he scrunched up his nose, a grin found its way onto his lips. "Maybe we should break it in," he wiggled his eyebrows and George snorted out a laugh, probably too loud if they were trying to be quiet. Nevermind then.

"Dream, I'm not here even half a day and you're already trying to get into my bed,"

"Well, I'm kind of already in your bed," he laughed as he slipped down. The white of his long sleeve shirt was stark against the deep blue of the satin. Something tugged at George's chest.

"But he's in my twitch chat," he mumbled and Dream laughed a little too loudly too.

"So... the sheets?"

"They feel slippery," George buried himself deeper into the covers and Dream rolled his eyes.

"The feelings is quite nice, no?"

"I don't know Dream. Do you like slippery stuff?"

"Depends on who I'm doing them with," the wiggling eyebrows were back and George actually put a hand against his mouth to stifle down the laugh. A yawn came through too.

"Well right now, obviously me," his voice came, the sleepiness was finding its way in.

"I like doing all stuff with you George," he snorted at that into his sheets again.

"Of course you would say that," his lips were moving against the softness, his eyes were slipping again.

"Goodnight George," he heard Dream's loud whisper. He narrowly felt the movement on the bed, the hand that tucked the sheets closer to his neck. The bed dipped, the door creaked and George's consciousness left him completely.

Maybe there was something familiar for him after all.

## Chapter End Notes

Hm, yeah, you can already tell I'm going to be posting this everyday. But tbh the chapters are short.

I've just been writing a lot lately and really enjoying it. (mostly enjoying, yesterday I made myself cry, it is a really sad one-shot okay? Or maybe I'm just emotional mess.)

As always, thank you for reading :)



## the 808 beat sends your heart to your feet

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

He stepped on the third stair on his first morning there. Sarnap just chuckled from where he could see him from the dining table but continued to scroll on his phone. Dream turned around as George walked into the kitchen and smiled.

"Eggs and bacon?"

"Yes please," he passed him just to stare at the pan and the slowly cooking eggs. Dream hovered way too close again so he continued his way to the fridge instead and stared into it.

"Apple juice is third on the left," Dream said and glanced at him to share a smile and George took the bottle with him to look for a glass. He realised then that he didn't bring any of his favourite mugs, but he stared at the arrangement of different cups they had and decided that he liked the dolphin one best.

"We got that one at an aquarium last year," Dream said, the fond smile back. "Of course you choose the blue one!" his shoulders nudged George's and there it was again, the casualty and domesticity of it all. Dream wrapped an arm around his shoulder and squeezed him tightly for a moment and then he went back to standing over the pan, humming softly to some strange beat.

George fell frozen in the middle of the kitchen. There was no way he is ever going to get used to this. But when Dream looked back he quickly moved to pour some juice and return the bottle back into the fridge.

Sarnap smiled at him tightly. "I told him to smack off with the hugs but he obviously never listens!" he looked back at Dream who was just holding up a middle finger proudly.

"George would tell me if he hated them, right?" his eyes turned to him then and George just swallowed.

"Yeah, I'm just not used..." he didn't finish that. No one really demanded him to. He took a sip of his juice then and Sarnap snorted.

"I don't know why, but Punz is trending," he said and the conversation swayed away from George and how okay he was with Dream's constant overlooming presence and he was glad for that. There was something unsettling in his insides everytime it happened. He was used to the overwhelming warmth, the awkwardness in his fingers, he lived through it one too many times. But this? This brought out something new. Dream somehow always seemed close...

He just thought about it and there it was, Dream hanging over his shoulder to put down a plate in front of him, a hand lingering behind, slipping from the shoulder as soon as Dream returned to the stove.

It wasn't necessarily bad or uncomfortable, but it made his heart beat fast and his body shake and his skin was itching, either for more or nothing at all. He still was figuring out how that works. Or what it all means.

...

The living room made him feel as if he was a guest in the house that should be his, partly at least. Patches stared at him from her chair, all suspicious and he really didn't know what to make of it so he just came back to his phone and scrolled through some more of the replies on Dream's post. It was the photo of their hug from the airport, Dream with his back turned and face hidden behind George's head, his own face scrunched up with uncomfortable expression. It was almost funny. There was already too much fanart where he always had his cheeks red and blushing. He somehow doesn't remember if he did. Blush, for that matter. It certainly wasn't visible in that photo.

People were freaking out even though they knew it was coming, he posted the photos of his suitcases as soon as he started packing a week ago. He was afraid that it would turn people into stalkers, waiting for him at the airport but turns out there is enough variables to get lucky and not meet a fan.

He scrolled back to the photo and looked a bit longer, at the way he was almost on his tiptoes, smushed against Dream. It almost looked cartoonish. He simply typed out his own response.

*Florida man attacks British man at airport (colorized)*

He heard a chuckle behind him, Dream was staring at his phone as he walked to the living room.

"You call that an attack? This is an attack!" he screamed as he leaped across the headrest right onto the couch, limbs flying everywhere, and George shuffled to the side to not be trampled by the man.

"You really are trying to kill me consistently, huh?" he laughed as he kicked Dream's feet away from his face. Dream fully turned around then, his feet on the opposite end as he settled his head into George's lap and again, George fell stiff under the unfamiliarity of a touch like that. Patches however seemed to like the prospects as she left her chair and settled for Dream's chest instead. His hand reached out softly, he didn't really get to pet her yet and he so wanted to. He let her sniff his hand, stare at him for a bit and then her head nudged his hand and he knew the fight was over, he won the war, he was accepted into the *allowed to pet Patches* gang.

As he sank the fingers into her fur his phone was already unlocked and taking few photos of her contently closing her eyes as he was scratching behind her ears.

"She's warmed up to you quite quickly," Dream hummed from his place down in his lap and he looked at him quickly, almost forgetting how they got here at all.

"Well, everyone loves me obviously," he laughed and Dream grinned at him.

"Obviously," he mused back. "Post the photo, it will make Sapnap angry, it took him like 6 days to get her at least near him."

His hands left Patches and she stared after him but then just sprawled across Dream's chest softly. George's fingers were back on his phone. He stared at the chosen photo for a minute.

"Is it weird that your chest is there?" he asked already turning his phone for him to see but Dream just shrugged his shoulder.

"Is it?" there was something in his eyes as he looked back at George but George really didn't know how to deal with that either so he just shrugged and posted it. It wasn't really visible that Dream

was in his lap, but there was something about the position, staring at his chest from that angle. He hoped people would focus on Patches instead. Or at least not draw a blush on him in this one.

*What the actual fuck* came a response for Sapnap and they already heard him shouting something upstairs.

Dream chuckled in his lap and just shook his head.

"Just turn on the TV and ignore him. Wanna watch some Netflix?" he turned a bit to look better at the TV. Sapnap came with complaints and loud noises. He picked up Dream's feet and sat down under them.

George almost tuned out their entire bickering, he fell into some trance, his fingers picking up on their own, slipping through Dream's hair as easily as through Patches' fur. Dream didn't even flinch, didn't even react. Was he so used to this? It felt like it took everything in George to not just spontaneously combust right on the spot. There was still a smile on Dream's face as he kicked Sapnap's thigh again.

"I swear I didn't train her to like George how would I even do that?" His fingers raked through Dream's hair.

"I don't know, you probably kept showing her like pictures or something!" A finger stopped a bit. Curled one strand of hair around himself.

"That is the stupidest thing I have heard. Why would I even do that?" He tugged on the curl softly, Dream shot him a short smile.

"Maybe you just wanted someone to share your obsession hah!" Dream shared his annoyed eye roll with George. Another rake through.

"You're literally so stupid!" It almost didn't feel weird anymore if it wasn't for the anxiety filling all of his chest.

"Did you train George to pet you too?" Sapnap snorted and George stopped, pulled his hand away. Dream kicked Sapnap again. It was now more awkward to keep his hands by his sides but he tried not to think about it.

Sapnap picked out a movie then, some recommendation he got on his stream a few days back. They settled easily into watching, George was still unsure where to put his hands really. Dream's hand looked out his hand and solved it for him, pulling it back into his hair. George spared a look at Sapnap but he was already entranced by the thriller on the screen. George put his hand back without a second look at Dream's face. His finger kept curling the same piece over and over again. It felt like too much. He still didn't want to stop. People would definitely have to draw a blush on his face if they got a photo of him now.

## Chapter End Notes

that photo of Wilbur and George...yes.

I wish I was an attractive young man that could flirt with his attractive male friends.

Anyways ahah yeah. New chapter. Yeah, I did that. Hm.

I also posted a list of my fics on tumblr and I'm still cringing at myself, why is it so weird to share things, why am I like this?  
I'm still sick and now I'm on my period too so I think this is the right time to finally read flowers from 1970.  
with that I say my goodbyes.

Thank you for reading! (and the kudos and the comment and the subscriptions and...everything.) :)

## my hair stands on ends, it's saluting you

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

George was getting ready for the first stream from Florida when his door opened to reveal a masked face.

"God, Dream, not again!"

"I think it will be funny!"

"The mask is literally so bad, please stop," George rolled his eyes. He tested out the camera, it seemed to be working just fine. The green screen was working too and he clicked the live button, stared at masked Dream a bit longer.

He saw the first chatters streaming in.

"Guys, help, he won't leave!" he stared straight into the camera and then Dream was in frame, his mask as unsettling as ever and he slowly waved. He was quickly gone and burst out laughing. George looked back at him.

"Go to your room!"

"This is my room!"

"This is my room!"

"Every room is my room, I'm the owner of this house!"

"And I'm Pam. Now go!" he shooed him and smiled when he actually left. He finally switched his attention to the stream and all the needed stuff, tweeting out the link, booting up Minecraft. He saw the messages and donations about Dream flood in, thousands of people joining, the excitement high because they were there, together, in the same space. It was as surreal to him as it was to them.

He found himself fidgeting in the chair quite a lot more than normally. His back wasn't used to it yet, it felt strained, unnatural. By the end of the stream he was trying to straighten his back, crack it in a way that would be satisfactory. Nothing seemed satisfying enough.

"I think that's all for today chat. I'm still moving in, kind of, the setup is not ready fully but I hope you enjoyed..." he was clicking away already to raid someone online. He clicked on Foolish with ease, he was the one who seemed to be always online.

He waved his never-ending goodbyes to the camera and then he was looking at Foolish, welcoming the raid. He was already turning off the lights and camera when his door opened.

"You don't like the chair," said Dream. It wasn't a question. He seemed...unsatisfied with that. Was he watching the stream?

"I like it," he said, pulling down the green screen.

"You kept moving around and fixing your back. Is it bad?"

"I'm just not used to it yet," he cracked his neck again but settled back into the chair. "My old one was like 8 years old and probably had the imprint of my actual bones in it. I'll settle into this one I swear," he didn't know why he wanted to reassure Dream so much, but it seemed the words were enough for now. Dream sat down on the bed, his hands slipping over the navy satin, soft smile on his lips.

"Like the sheets?" he asked, quiet.

"Got used to them," George mumbled and Dream looked up then, smiled even more widely.

"If your back hurts I can give you a massage," he didn't wiggle the eyebrows this time but there still was playfulness to the offer.

"No, thank you," George grinned, swaying in his chair from side to side. "My back is perfectly fine as it is!" It was a lie. His back was not fine. But... He definitely did not want to think about getting a massage from Dream.

"Okay then," Dream clapped his hands together and got up from the bed, excited expression on his face. "Come with me I'll show you the grocery store!" he said and he was already tailing it out of the room. George stared for a minute before he switched the computer off and followed without a word.

Showing someone the grocery store was supposedly just a code for tagging him along to shop. He quietly followed after Dream pushing the shopping cart and looking around at the weird eerie feeling of American supermarkets. There were brands he only heard about; some he never knew existed. Dream was picking up vegetables for whole half an hour. George used the time to scroll on twitter and suffer.

It felt kind of unreal still, to be here. To do something as mundane as go grocery shopping with Dream after waiting to come here for years. It's weird to get what you want after so long.

"I think we could have a movie night, hm?" Dream finally set the last of bags into the cart.

"Don't we have that every night?" George snickered. They tend to gravitate towards the living room a lot, to hang out on the couch, watch a stream or TV or Netflix, whatever is available that evening. Last night it was just Sapnap teaching him Texas Holdem.

"No, we hang out every night. But like movie night with designated popcorn and movies lined up and all... It could be nice. We could pull out the couch and have a sleepover too," Dream is grinning, his brows are wiggling once again and George just rolls his eyes.

"If you want to cuddle with us you can just say so."

"Oh, I can?" he seems genuinely intrigued now.

"You can. We will say no, but you can!" Dream was the one to roll his eyes, the corners of his mouth straining a bit.

"You're such an idiot," is all he said before he made a narrow turn to the frozen aisle. George just followed.

Dream was however serious about the movie night because as George walked down that evening he found Dream throwing blankets and pillows on the couch that was now pulled out, Sapnap already lounging on it cuddling Patches.

"So, you were serious?" is all he says as he stands in the doorway.

"Why wouldn't I be?" he grinned at him. He threw another pillow on Sapnap. "Go make the popcorn Nick!"

"I'm cuddling Patches, let George go make it!"

"I'm not making popcorn," is all he said as he plopped down. His eyes connected with Patches' and she left Sapnap's hands. The proud smirk on his face as she settled to his lap was enough to make Sapnap stomp away with vulgar words on his tongue. George's eyes met Dream's in a silent laugh.

"I don't know why you're her favourite," he said but his smile only grew bigger.

"Because obviously, I'm the best," George snickered and found himself a comfortable place on the couch, tucked into the corner. He took one of the fluffy blankets and wrapped himself in it, settling Patches on his chest scratching her on that space just under her ear that she seemed to really enjoy. "What's on the agenda then?"

"We can decide together," Dream said as he hopped on the couch too, settled to George's side, arm wrapped around his shoulder. George didn't know how to feel about that. Dream's hand joined his own in scratching Patches, their knuckles gently knocking against each other. It somehow felt too intimate. But he would expect nothing less from him. It seemed that's how Dream expressed himself all the time, the casual intimacy of touch, entering people's personal spaces to show just how much...

He looked to Dream then, the content smile on his lips, his face close. Dream's eyes found his and for a moment he forgot that he is supposed to keep breathing. Dream just smiled wider and then his forehead was against George's. And maybe he really didn't need oxygen when Dream was already so so close.

"Have anything in mind?" he asked, laughing. George didn't really know what they were talking about anymore.

Dream pulled away then, smiling almost proudly and he just settled his head on his shoulder, cuddled more to his side. "I think we should watch the new Justice League just to trash talk it," he seemed to ignore George's stillness. Or his sudden inability to talk.

Patches nudged his hand where he stopped scratching her and he finally let himself breathe fully and obliged her wishes.

Sapnap returned with two bowls of popcorn and all but skimmed over their cuddling. Maybe it was almost normal at this point. He settled on Dream's other side, cuddled a pillow as he leaned into his shoulder too and took the remote into his own hands. George didn't even mind to let him choose at this point. He just wanted to have something other to think about than Dream.

It took the two bowls of popcorn, three movies and one beer for Sapnap to be snoring on the couch, snuggling all the pillows. Dream's eyes were already fluttering shut on intervals but he still tried to focus on the comedy on the screen. George himself didn't really know what was going on.

"Sleepy?" George whispered into his hair just because his head was already close. He got a hum in response. Dream's eyes closed then as he snuggled his face deeper into his chest. Patches was long

gone; it was all his now. Dream was pulling him lower until they were laying down and then he fully cuddled him, his hand wrapping around his torso. George just let out a sigh.

Dream's snoring mixed in with Sapnap in no time.

The room was dark.

George was just simply confused.

Sapnap snuggled closer to Dream too, in the mix of blankets George just let himself accept the warmth and touch. His eyes closed too, too tired to care to turn the TV off.

He will allow this for now.

He woke up in the middle of his slumber just because Dream was suffocating him with his arm straight in his face over his mouth and nose. Idiot. He pushed the arm away to turn to the other side only to be pulled back into his embrace. It was the first time he ever was the little spoon, he wasn't even one for spooning really. Maybe Dream will make him into someone that is.

## Chapter End Notes

GEORGE.

GEORGE IRL CONTENT.

That's all I have to say.

I hate him, he makes me not hate men so much.

Anyways new chapter. It's starting to pop off heh. I'm just gonna say now that the sixth chapter is my favorite I can't wait for you to read it aaah. But I hope you enjoy this one too :)

Thank you for reading <3



## **the blush in your cheeks says that you bleed like me**

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Dream seemed to have a favourite spot on George's bedroom floor. It was just by his bed, right across from the door. It's where he always settled when he came in to demand George play chess with him or just to purely annoy him about stuff (he was not really annoying but George would never admit it to him).

Not a lot has changed from before. Their calls still reached insane hours just because if they really wanted to play games together they still had to be in their selective rooms and talking through discord. George liked that. It was nice. It was familiar. He knew how to handle Dream through the screen. He was only learning how to handle Dream in real life.

"Want to play Geoguessr?" Dream was at his door and George just turned around in his chair. He was getting used to it almost.

"Didn't have to come knocking my door down for it," George mumbled. Dream only grinned. "I should be editing."

"But you're not."

"But I should."

"Then do it, go edit," Dream laughed. He got him there. George just sighed as he sank deeper into the chair.

"I can't bring myself to actually finish it," he admitted finally. Dream was walking over to him suddenly. He reached over his chair just to click on the editing program to see the progress. "I think I liked it better when you were all the way over the ocean and couldn't watch over me," he mumbled and Dream just chuckled.

"We both know you're lying," he mumbled. "You literally need to put in like 15 minutes of work and this will be done. C'mon George!"

"Exactly! It isn't too much work, I can put it off!"

Dream just rolled his eyes and he laughed as he spun the chair over, suddenly he was on his lap and George let out a puff of air.

"Omg, what are you doing you idiot, you're gonna break my legs!" he punched his back but Dream just laughed.

"This is your punishment. I'm gonna finish it for you just so you can stop wallowing and we can play something together."

"Omg no, I'll finish it, stop," he tried to shake Dream off but he just laughed as he held tight onto the table. George forcefully spun the chair then and his hold loosened. Dream tried to spin them back but George stuck his heels to the ground.

"You're not getting back to the computer!"

"Oh yeah, watch me!" Dream said as he simply climbed up and turned on his lap, his knees digging into his chair right next to George's thighs, his hands reaching over the chair instead. George's first thought shouldn't probably be about how Dream is straddling him now. Or maybe it should have been exactly that. He quickly spun the chair around again just to get his hands away from the computer and Dream laughed.

"You're literally so annoying. It could have been done by now!"

"You're so annoying! You're the one interfering with the progress!"

"There was no progress for hours George!"

"Yeah, and?" he laughed as he spun them again when Dream reached for the mouse again. He used his feet to scour them away from the computer into the middle of the room, the chair wheels dipping into the carpet under their weight. "Get off of me, you idiot!" he looked up straight into Dream's eyes who only seemed to internalise their position just then. He looked down where he was just hovering over George's lap, a blush appearing on his cheeks.

"Oh," his lips formed a little circle. There was something weird in his eyes. He looked back at George. "What you don't like this position?" his wiggling brows made their return and George just rolled his eyes.

"The chair is literally crumbling under your weight."

"We could move this to the bed, if you'd prefer that," Dream laughed but he stepped back. There was still a pink tint on the highs of his cheeks. George just chuckled.

"Hm, maybe," George said just because he was enjoying this way too much, seeing Dream flustered wasn't a sight he got to see just yet. It was absolutely marvellous. Dream just chuckled.

"Okay then," he said, voice jumping an octave higher as he backed to the bed and sat down on the edge. He raised his brows. "Come at me then," he smirked but it was missing his usual snark. George just laughed. He rolled the chair back to his table.

"I think I'll rather go edit," he laughed and only briefly looked back to Dream's red face. He slumped back on the bed with an exhale and George burst out laughing once more. This was just way too much fun.

He was done in 10 minutes and played through the video to Dream who laughed at him for putting it off so long.

"So Geoguessr?"

"Hm don't think I really want to," he chuckled but Dream just ruffled his hair and was already halfway out of the door then.

"I'll call you in a sec!" was all he said and then he was out of the door and George stared at the closed door and thought back to Dream's flustered face and let the feeling in his stomach grow bigger. He didn't want to analyse it, he just wanted to let the nice feeling spread for just a millisecond. It's not wrong to indulge just for a moment, right?

...

There seemed to be a shift in how Dream looked at him sometimes. Especially at times when George decided to double down on his offered affection. Like when Dream slipped around him in

the morning, leaned over him into the fridge to get his juice and then George just turned his head a bit, stared him down with raised brows as their faces got closer and then Dream was the one pulling away and putting distance between them, that unusual look in his eyes. George was enjoying it way too much.

"What are you two doing?" Sapnap asked purely confused. George really didn't have an answer to that so he just shut the refrigerator doors and went to start his breakfast as usually.

Dream was blushing again.

"What do you mean?"

"You two are acting sus. Like full on. Is something going on?"

"You're acting sus. What are you looking at us for huh? How about you mind your own fucking business?" Dream's tone was way too serious as he poured two glasses of juice and put one on the table where George usually used to sit now. Maybe he had his designated chair now too. It would warm his heart a bit if they weren't in the middle of a tense conversation.

"Oh my god, you know what, I don't care, I don't even want to know," Sapnap said and just took his bowl of cereal elsewhere. George stared at Dream but got no response. He only got an unreadable look and a reassuring smile although he didn't know what to be reassured about. Dream then sat down and dived into the breakfast, his eyes flipping to the place where Sapnap disappeared. The house felt too quiet. George narrowly wondered if he should have said something, if he should have eased the tension. It was about him too, right? But how does he explain to Sapnap he just likes the way Dream's cheeks get all pink or how sweet the flustered smile he always pulls is? When he asks what it means, will *nothing* be a sufficient answer?

He doesn't follow after Sapnap. He sits down at his designated place and Dream offers another small smile.

"Would you like to go to the beach?" he asks then, his gaze focused on him now.

"Sure, take me anywhere you like," George grins and Dream is looking at him with raised brows, his smile even wider now. The look in his eyes is back and George thinks he is starting to figure it out.

## Chapter End Notes

Is it annoying that I post everyday? I'm trying to figure that out. I just...have it all written and I wanna put it out there and idk, I feel like it doesn't matter but maybe it gets annoying seeing it everyday in the recent works...maybe I'm just overthinking this hah. We'll never know.

Anyway yeah, next chapter!!! NEXT CHAPTER!! (I'll try not to hype it too much just because maybe no one will like it as much as I do but nevermind hah)

Enjoy this one first tho.

Thank you for everything <3

## **and still with one eye open, well, all I see is you**

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Dream took it upon himself to take him out to show him around the city all the time. He didn't really care but Dream always did end up buying him just a milkshake or McDonald's or something to rope him in and well, maybe George didn't have better plans anyway.

This is the first time they went to the beach.

Sapnap refused to join them and George made a mental note to talk to him later just because he felt there was still some tension from the morning. But now the sun was burning into his skin and he pulled his t-shirt off, let the refreshing seaside air wash the heat from his skin away. Dream was grinning into the sunlight, sunglasses on his face. They settled their things as far to the side as they could, just to stay away from people a bit, if for the chance of recognition as well as simply because there seemed to be many children and George did not want to listen to their screaming at a close distance. He laid his towel on the warm sand and immediately slumped down. It was way too warm for him, he was still not used to the sweaty feeling that seemed to follow him everywhere.

"Wanna go swim a bit?"

"Go if you want. I'm gonna watch our stuff,"

"Or we can go both take a dip and just keep an eye out?" Dream looked at him then, his raised brows were peeking out from behind the glasses.

"Will you buy me a new phone if they steal it?"

"Yes," he grinned and George just sighed. They still camouflaged their stuff and then they were walking towards the water. Dream was the one to push him in before he could really make that decision himself and George just rolled his eyes splashed some water back at him.

Yeah, they did not keep their attention on their stuff at all. It was a miracle they came back home with all their stuff still in the pockets.

The water was incredible on his overheated skin and George let himself dive deeper. He did not open his eyes but he enjoyed the drumming in his ears under the pressure. It felt like living and he liked that. He felt hands brush his hips and he liked that too. He opened his eyes then, Dream had a smile on his lips and they both swam to the surface, took a deep breath.

"I do not like opening my eyes underwater," George snickered as he rubbed his eyes and Dream just laughed, made a fountain from his mouth and hit him right on the shoulder. George splashed some water back at him. "Get your spit away from me!"

"I can think of other places to put it," Dream grinned.

"Are they away from me?" George raised his brow and Dream just chuckled. His hand looked out George's.

"Wanna bet who's gonna last longer holding their breath?" he said and then he was diving before they even made the bet.

"Idiot," George mumbled but there was a hand tugging at his, he just took a deep breath and he set to win a bet never made.

The air finally felt cooler as he slumped back to his towel and let the sun dry away the water sticking to his skin.

"Your hair is getting all curly," Dream laughed, his hand ruffled through his wet hair, his fingers curling strands of it even more. George smacked his hand away as he pulled his sunglasses down on his eyes.

"As if yours didn't. It's the salt water I guess,"

"I like it," Dream smiled. The bridge of his nose was getting a bit red. George found the bottle of sunscreen and held it out to him.

"What?" Dream pushed his sunglasses up into his hair and just stared at the bottle, that unspecified look in his eyes. He then looked at him, licked his lips. "Want me to do your back?"

"No," George chuckled. "Your nose is getting red, idiot!" he smiled when Dream's cheeks reddened too but didn't comment on that.

"Hm, sure," Dream laughed but he still listened and put more sunscreen on. Without asking he put it on George's nose too, mischievous smile on his face as he pushed the glasses up and his fingers smeared the sunscreen into his cheeks. "Didn't want to get you sunburned either, honey!" Dream grinned and George rolled his eyes.

"I drenched myself in sunscreen, don't worry, I'm very aware of how white I am," George chuckled as he pulled the glasses back on. Still, Dream's touch didn't leave his cheek, fingers softly holding his jaw, thumb running across his cheekbone. George couldn't stop looking at him.

"We should take a photo," Dream said then and was already looking for his phone. He laid into the sand next to him and just grinned into the camera. George let a soft smile onto his lips and Dream clicked away a few photos. He then turned the camera and just hovered over George.

"Are you taking photos of me?"

"I want one for twitter or something," he laughed. George just raised his brows. "I'll post it after we leave, I'm not stupid. C'mon!"

"Sometimes I really doubt it. You should post one of us both you know,"

"That would be an interesting face reveal. I plan on doing something bigger. But I could take one without my face, I guess," he chuckled as he slumped back down. He held the phone over them as he angled his head down over George's shoulder, face hid behind the messy hair and sunglasses and if that was not enough his other hand came into view obstructing his face with a peace sign. He took a few photos like that. George smiled at their reflection, he could hardly make out what the photos would look like under the unrelenting sun. Dream's hand slumped down as he tried to provide more shade for his phone to squint at them.

"Okay, nevermind, I'll look at them at home," he breathed out then and his head was back on George's shoulder, his hand now however sneaked over his waist. "God you're so warm."

"Yeah, almost like we're in the sun, Dream," he breathed out too and Dream laughed, snuggled a

bit closer. George felt his lips brush his shoulder and then they stayed there. It was not exactly a kiss, they were just resting there but his brain was still screaming at the thought of having Dream's lips on him. Maybe the hotness wasn't all because of the sun then.

Dream took more photos of them as they were packing up, George with his t-shirt now on and a slightly too red skin because they still fell asleep in the sun for a moment despite their best efforts. There was the other one, George in the car, legs on the dashboard, Dream berated him for it but still took the photo just because George thought it would look cool. George looked over the photos on his phone while he was driving to the pizza place to treat themselves and Sapnap to some nice dinner. Dream probably felt bad about the morning too. George picked his favourites from the photos and put them into separate folder for Dream, named it *okay to post* and then put his phone down to its designated place so it can keep playing Dream's car playlist.

Sapnap gladly accepted the pizza apology and the soft *sorry about this morning I didn't mean to jump at you* from Dream. They settled on the couch and ate and Dream posted a few photos and George's notifications were a mess and he looked at the photo of them, sun in their eyes, Dream's face hidden behind a peace sign but still, his head visibly on his shoulder... Yeah.

People were interpreting it all kinds of ways. George didn't know how to interpret it himself. He liked it, he remembered the feeling of Dream's hot skin just resting on his, the slight saltiness on his lips as he licked them and watched Dream cuddle him comfortably, in public. They had to have looked like a couple. He didn't even think about that then, if there was only one person that recognized them on that beach, that took an unsuspecting photo... His notifications would be a different kind of a mess.

He looked to Dream but he was busy with scrolling through twitter. Sapnap met his eyes instead and now it was him raising brows at George. It had completely different effect on George's stomach. One that he did not really like.

Hopefully he didn't have to deal with that look anytime soon.

## Chapter End Notes

I'm just now realizing I may have hyped up this chapter too much but... I love it okay? I love my beach bois being all cute.

Anyways, thank you for all the reassurance about the daily posting, I'm glad that most of you like my daily posting, mainly because I'm not going to stop hah. I already want to write another one, just because I feel like I could do better. I want to do better. And I know my minecraft fanfiction doesn't need to be a masterpiece but it's the best practice I'm gonna get so might as well use it while I'm holed up at home, before i have to learn for final exams or you know, deal with the stress of the real life.

I'm rambling, I'm sorry.

Thank you all for being here, I'll be forever surprised that someone likes to read my work and also forever grateful for every hit, kudos or comment. You make me insanely happy. :)

## **and in my world, the people on the street don't know my name**

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

He really should have known better. The next time he walked into the kitchen and Dream wasn't around, Sapnap immediately bit into the opportunity.

"Tell me what's happening!"

"What do you mean?" George asked calmly, leaned on the kitchen counter. Sapnap stared him down.

"C'mon, I'm not stupid. Just tell me. It's not weird, it's only weird if you're both being sketchy about it. Are you hooking up?" he asked and George just spluttered.

"What?!"

"So, you're not?"

"Obviously not! What do you mean? Why would you think so?"

"I don't know... maybe because you keep touching all... ew. Smushy. And you keep going out on like dates or whatever. You keep eyefucking in the kitchen..."

"That's not what it is, Sapnap, God!"

"What is it then?"

"You know Dream is a touchy person, why are you surprised?"

"Well, he is but... C'mon!"

"C'mon what?"

"George, there is a limit to platonic I think,"

"Alright, what's the limit then and how did we overstep it?" Sapnap held up his hands then and just shook his head.

"Okay, whatever, sorry that I wanted to be a supportive friend and roommate!"

"Yeah, don't try that again," George laughed. "It's not dates by the way, he's just showing me the city so I don't get lost and murdered or something."

"Oh yeah, makes sense, absolutely," Sapnap rolled his eyes. "Although he never did that for me, wonder if he just hates me then?"

"Yes!" George grinned and Sapnap punched his shoulder.

"I'm here if you start to see it," he said and then just settled down at the dining table eating his breakfast dutifully. George just frowned.

There was a slight distaste in his mouth.

There is nothing to see. Nothing to see here folks.

It's normal. Well, it's normal for Dream.

It's just Dream.

But the next time Dream mentioned going to the city George forced Sapnap to tag along.

"Sure, you want to make this a trio date?" he smirked but still put shoes on and followed Dream to the car. He was about to take the front seat too but Dream swiftly shoed him away. George sat down in the front seat with a smile on his face.

Dream's hand squeezed his thigh for a second before backing up from the driveway. There wasn't really a stable destination for today just some ice cream shop Dream heard wonderful reviews about so he wanted to check it out. George watched the palm trees passing by, sun was shining into his eyes but he left his sunglasses on the table at home so he snatched Dream's from the car compartment. He said nothing but George got another thigh squeeze.

It was impossible to find good parking so they walked a few blocks, easing into the conversation, Sapnap going into a rant about a new anime he was watching now. Dream's hand found his and squeezed it. As soon as Sapnap's gaze fixated on it, he dropped it. George just frowned behind the glasses. That definitely looked suspicious. Maybe he knew what Sapnap was insinuating. But instead of investigating deeper into the meaning of those actions he just walked a few steps out front checking the store fronts and ignoring both of their gazes.

The ice cream shop was weirdly minimalistic so much it was unsettling to George. They still huddled over the offered flavours talking over each other which one to choose. Sapnap was first to scramble together three flavours and they put it into a big cone for him. George immediately asked for the same thing just different flavours and sprinkles on top. As soon as he had it in his hands, he nudged Sapnap and they ran out laughing leaving Dream to pay. George knew he would do it anyway, but now he would be annoyed about it too, and that was even more fun.

He followed them out a few minutes after.

"You're both so annoying!" he said as he took a spoonful of his own ice cream.

"You're literally the richest, of course you have to pay!" George immediately defended them.

"Yeah, and besides George dragged me out against my will, totally unprofessional, right Dream?" Sapnap chuckled. George just punched his shoulder. Sapnap stole Dream's glasses from him and Dream then snatched his glasses for himself and put it over his eyes with a proud smile. Later when they walked along a pier he still pushed them into George's hair because he saw him squinting into the sun.

"He's a simp your honour," George grinned as Dream's hand lingered on his cheek a bit and he just snorted. Sapnap was just shaking his head.

"Can't believe I agreed to third wheel you. I'm so fucking stupid," he turned to walk down the pier and George just laughed.

"Yeah, you are, finally you're able to come terms with that, I'm proud Sapnap," he grinned and Sapnap punched his shoulder again.



He noticed that Dream disappeared only when Sapnap was suddenly approached and George's head whipped back to check on Dream. He recognized his back, walking by the alley a few metres behind them, leaning on the wall for a while. George wished he could give him the glasses now for more anonymity. But the girls now called his name too and he turned around smiling. They took some photos and walked without looking back.

*Meet at car?* Dream texted so they wrapped back around to return. George didn't notice or think the girls would follow them, didn't seem like that type, but he would rather not risk it all on just vibes.

"I'm sorry George, if this was meant to prove that it's all platonic, it proved shit," Sapnap breathed out, looked behind them just for the sake of it. "Also, I'm sorry to be the one to tell you but Dream is disgustingly in love with you,"

"No, he's not," his voice is calm, his eye roll is playful, but his heart is beating a hole into his ribcage. Is that what Sapnap's looks mean? Is that what he is thinking is happening? First, just hooking up. Now love?

"Dude he just fucking... Omg I can't even describe it. Everything is just about you for him. And he stares at you all soft. And touches you..."

"He is a touchy person."

"It's different to give a person a hug and it's different to hold their thigh while driving a car okay? That's like a thing for couples, right? No one ever did that to me."

"No one ever did that to me either. Dream is just weird like that," he shrugged his shoulder.

"Omg, you're so stupid!"

"I thought you were the stupid one. It was finalized a few minutes ago?"

"George, why do you think he keeps doing all this stuff then?" his voice is way too serious now. George doesn't like it, to be serious about this. It's all a joke. It's not serious.

"I don't know. He is a touchy person. He is glad I'm finally here. He's just Dream," he shrugs his shoulder again.

"God, you're both stupid. I give up. I tried. Karl said I should try because then you will be like fifty and married and acting as if you did that for the green card and this is all platonic still. Maybe it's what you deserve!"

"Well, we would have to make the marriage believable, right?" he chuckled.

"Oh yeah, can't wait for the platonic sex nights with the homies!"

"Don't we do that already?" he wiggled his brows and Sapnap punched his shoulder once again. Dream was waiting by the car, scrolling on his phone. As he saw them approaching, he just got in and they followed. Dream's hand was back on his thigh and stayed there for the entirety of the ride. George stared at it from under his glasses.

Maybe he just got used to his casual touches too much, who knows. He definitely doesn't.

...

"Did Sapnap have a talk with you too?" he asks that evening when they are on his bedroom floor playing chess on their phones instead of the real one just so they can earn higher rank.

Dream stares at him then, eyes wide.

"He did with you too?" his voice is too quiet.

"Yep. Supposedly you're maddeningly in love with me and want to put a ring on it," he wiggled his fingers in front of his face and Dream just smacked his hand away, unamused.

"You're such an idiot," he shook his head. "Sapnap is a bigger one though. I told him to let it be,"

"Oh, so you did hm," he raised his brows. "You talked about me?"

"Hm, I don't know. Could have been about anyone..."

"Uhm, sure," he laughed and kicked Dream's leg just for Dream to catch it and settle it on his thigh, his fingers slipping over the ankle mindlessly. George just huffed out. Dream looked at him as if deep in thought.

"You would tell me if I made you uncomfortable, right?"

"Uhm," he nodded, closed his eyes, just focusing on Dream's fingers drumming over his skin.

"You would tell me if you were in love with me, right?" he grinned. He didn't open his eyes to see the effect but then couldn't stop his curiosity from seeing the red cheeks again. Dream was watching his own fingers, brows furrowed. Cheeks tinted pink.

"I would, probably," he saw him swallow. "Hard to say. It could ruin our friendship you know," he looked straight to his eyes as if he knew he was already looking. They stayed like that for a minute. It felt longer.

"Hm, would it now? Good to know," George smiled, his eyes slipped closed again. His entire chest was constricting. He wanted to stop it; he didn't want to dwell on that too much, if Dream is just looking for a way to ask if it would be okay to love him like that. George didn't have that kind of answers. He surely was not about to spend nights thinking over the possibilities of what could be.

"You think otherwise?" Dream's voice was all but a whisper.

"I try to not think about it," he said truthfully because he had no other answer. Dream had no rebuttal to that. They stayed like that for a minute. Maybe it was two this time.

George opened his eyes. Let out a sigh. Pushed himself up a bit but didn't take his leg away from Dream.

"Wanna watch YouTube together?" he nudged the leg into Dream's hip. He just laughed.

"Only if we can cuddle while watching," he stared again.

"Hm, we will see," George chuckled as he tried to take his leg away. Dream's fingers wrapped around his ankle too fast and pulled him in the opposite direction dragging him closer. "Simp," George mumbled but he scooted closer and settled himself against Dream, half lying in his lap. He switched from the chess app to YouTube just pulling up his watch later list. Dream's hand slipped around his torso easily. There was a soft kiss left in his hair and George just chuckled. "What a

fucking simp," he looked up and Dream just smiled down at him.

"Yeah, maybe I am. You can't stop me."

"Hm, I could probably,"

"What you gonna do about it then, hm?"

"I don't know," his gaze fell down as he settled into his embrace more. "I guess you'll have to wait and see," George said and put a hand over the one on his chest and then just pressed the first random video and let it play. Dream left one more kiss in his hair before setting his head there.

George thought to him a year ago, who stayed in bed cuddling three pillows punched into a person's shape and how he got here, cuddling casually on a Monday evening on the floor of his room in Florida. This is more than he ever wanted. That's probably where the content feeling was coming from.

He was cared for. He was loved. He was with his friends.

He could figure out the rest later.

Later.

## Chapter End Notes

Happy Manhunt Day! I'm literally so excited but our internet seems to be having some trouble so honestly, I'm just hoping I'll be able to watch it. I'm using my phone data to post this so enjoy.

Also I swear this was written before that short, I just laughed when I saw it. When life imitates art or something like that...

Also Also - there is only one more chapter I have prepared. I kind of can't decide if I want to end with that one or if I want more, maybe I'll see after I post it hah.

I hope you enjoy, and as always, thank you for all the comments and kudos and everything <3

## would you make out with me

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

They were really not ones to drink much but sometimes the occasion was just right, like all three of them hitting the next big milestone on the same day. Twitter was in shambles over it too. They watched it play out on the TV downstairs, jumbled on the couch together as the numbers passed by. They posted a photo of the moment on twitter and each wrote their own short message thanking everyone.

Well, George and Sapnap kept it short, Dream posted three different threads throughout all his accounts in a very Dream way.

There was something about the way he loved. George somehow wondered how he never runs out of it, how he just keeps giving and giving. But maybe it's a two-way deal.

They opened some champagne and filled the glasses that Dream's mother left in the cabinets for some reason. Most of their friends were on a call congratulating them too, Dream had his arms around him and face buried in his neck and George scrolled through the hashtags and the hype. He turned on the camera and held out the phone. Dream turned his face then and smiled. That was a photo for them only, to commemorate this moment, this happiness.

"Sapnap get here, we should get a selfie or something!"

"Should I get my mask?" Dream chuckled into his shoulder.

"Yeah, and get my glasses too!"

"My bandana too!" Sapnap called when Dream started getting up. All he got was a middle finger but he still chuckled as he scooped closer and it was his hand around George for a change. He made smooching noises and George just smacked him over the head.

"Oh, I can't believe we got this far," he sighed happily as he sank back against the couch, eyes squinted and tired.

"I can't believe you got this far. I didn't doubt myself or Dream but you..." before he could even finish Sapnap was punching him again and George just burst out laughing. Dream returned with all their prompts.

George put his goggles on. He then helped Sapnap tie the bandana around his head. Dream was staring at them with his mask as unsettling as ever. They got in frame with George in middle, both boys smushing one of his sides and he just started taking photos, one was bound to be good. Sapnap turned to put a kiss on his cheek and George chuckled. Dream not wanting to be left out pressed a kiss to the other and George just pressed to take the photo. He looked over that one and laughed, Dream's lips and a tip of his nose only hardly poking from under the side of the mask.

"That's a good one," Dream chuckled way too close to his ear. George met his eyes for a second.

"Post one normal and that one!"

"Sapnap there are no normal ones!" George laughed but still chose one where Sapnap was pulling a fuck boy face while George just stayed with lips in straight line. Dream's mask was still smiling.

He put that one with the one of them kissing his cheeks and looked over them, just looking for something wrong, but he didn't find anything bad, so he just posted them on twitter with the caption of three hearts each in their colour. It took some other places on the trending list and he just laughed when Dream pulled him back into his embrace.

"I'm so fucking happy George," he whispered against the skin on his neck and George just laughed. Just laughed. He couldn't stop laughing.

"Simp," he murmured but he felt it too. The hype didn't leave him any less thankful for everything.

Hours later after there have been offline hype trains in all their chats, they each left to their respective rooms, head fuzzy with some champagne, chest warm with love.

George looked over the photos again and smiled. He heard the door creak and didn't even bother to look. Dream slipped under the covers on the other side and just looked at him, smile wide.

"Simp," George whispered.

"Oh, come on now," he laughed softly as he scooted closer, his hands already finding their way around him. George thought then back to the conversation with Sapnap, to the lines of platonic and if they were really crossing them, but then he just put his phone on his nightstand and turned back to fully snuggle into Dream. His lips settled on George's forehead. It almost felt like they were moving, spelling out words he didn't want to think about into his skin.

"George?" he whispered then, finally loud enough, at least something.

"Hm?" his eyes closed on their own. Dream pulled him closer. The hand on George's hip was playing with the hem of his shirt.

"Could I kiss you?" George heard how loudly he swallowed. It felt like neither of them was really breathing in that moment. George moved his legs just so they bumped into his. *The lines of platonic....*

*The lines of platonic...*

"Hm, neither of us has socks on," he mumbled. Dream chuckled lightly. The silence was stretching and Dream pulled his head back and George stared at him through the dark of his room. "But I guess it's a special day so I'll allow it," his voice was just a whisper then too. *The lines of platonic... They have been crossed.* He licked his lips just because he was afraid they were dry. Dream held up his hand to his face, finger ghosting over the shape of his cheekbone. His hand spread out over his cheek, holding his face as if he just wanted to make sure, make sure he wouldn't run away now. He wouldn't. He probably could, he knew that. But he didn't want to.

"Thought you would be more eager," George chuckled and pressed his own lips to Dream's then just because he didn't want any more of the suspense. Dream's lips moved against his instantly. Their lips parted as their foreheads met, their noses bumping into each other, swaying over each other as Dream angled his face to the other side and kissed him again. George opened his mouth then. Dream didn't dare to miss that opportunity.

George's breaths kept getting lost somehow and their lips slipped apart just to meet again a few seconds after. George had a hand on Dream's face now too. He tasted of their toothpaste with a slight hint of the champagne still on his tongue. He knew exactly how to make him want more. Dream's head fell into the pillows and George was now up over him. He looked over him for a

minute but then decided to just let it go, he slipped his leg to the other side of Dream's body, he was the one straddling him now, and he held the collar of his t-shirt in his fist as he kissed into him again. Dream's hands found their new place on his thighs. Maybe not entirely new. Maybe just theirs.

He doesn't know how long they spent like this, letting it take the natural stride, lips never separating unless it was essential. George left final three soft kisses on Dream's lips just because his own felt a bit numb. He slipped from the top just to Dream's side, one leg just stayed hanging over his body, Dream holding it there. George watched as he swallowed tightly.

"George?" Dream spoke again and George chuckled at the way his voice was all hoarse and raw.

"Hm?"

"I'm in love with you," he said and his eyes closed. His breaths got unsteady. His lips were twitching a bit.

"Cool," he said then. Dream just frowned. "Simp," whispered George against his ear and chuckled. Dream opened his eyes and looked at him.

"Will this ruin our friendship?"

"Hm, I don't know," George smacked his lips. "Maybe you shouldn't forget the socks next time," he laughed and he decided maybe a final final kiss was needed and he pressed his lips to Dream's for a second before pulling away. The lines of platonic have been completely washed away. He really did not want to tell Sapnap that he was right.

"Next time, hm?" Dream repeated.

"Hm, that's kind of the plan,"

"Didn't know there was a plan," he was grinning now.

"There is. Also a lot of paperwork. I own 65% of all your money now," his finger pricked Dream's chest. He caught it quickly. They were both grinning now.

"Why 65?"

"Well, I'm older."

"Okay, and?"

"I have a higher risk of dying sooner so I should get more money to enjoy while I'm alive."

Dream intertwined their fingers now, left a kiss on the back of his hand.

"I think I'm gonna have to fact check that with our lawyer."

"I get the lawyer too," George blinked and Dream laughed and pulled him closer. Maybe a final final final kiss.

"Tell me I'm a simp again," he whispered and George chuckled.

"You are the biggest simp."

"I am."

"You are."

"You like me though."

"No," he was smiling into Dream's lips then. "I'm not a fucking simp."

"Hm," Dream left a kiss on his lips. "I think I can change that."

George didn't argue with that just kissed him fully then.

Final final final final kiss?

## Chapter End Notes

I just speedran uploading this, I wanted to post it before George's stream because I know I wouldn't do it after heh.

Maybe simp will be their always <3 disgusting honestly, did I mention I hate love /j

I hope you enjoy. Thank you all for the wonderful comments and all the hits and kudos. Pretty poggers if I say so myself heh. :)

## can you feel it too, when I am touchin' you?

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

George woke up with his head pounding and hands reaching over to the other side of the bed, only to find it empty. He turned his head around then, there was a glass of water waiting for him on the nightstand that he was sure he didn't put there himself.

*Fucking simp*, George thought to himself but a smile still found its way onto his lips. He flipped over all the events from yesterday in his head, Dream reaching, Dream asking so quietly, so tenderly, to kiss him, to touch him, to love him...

Was that real? Did he really mean it? Or was it just a call-out to their conversation before? It seemed genuine. He...promised. He promised it would be genuine.

And George didn't say anything back. And Dream seemed okay with that.

It was all confusing, all so fucking confusing, too much for his aching brain. He downed the whole glass of water and then just stood up and made his way downstairs, glass in hand. He avoided the third stair automatically and then just stared at it a bit.

Is this a sign of how at home he made himself? Has he finally made this place his home?

He walked into the kitchen then to find Sapnap nursing his hangover by laying sprawled across the dining table and Dream just laughing at him, sitting at the other end. Only one pair of eyes snapped to his figure as he appeared in the doorway. Dream looked almost sheepish, staring at him from the end of the table, some unsaid question hidden behind the lip in between his teeth.

"Good morning," he said, finally. George just smiled.

"Good morning," he finally stepped into the kitchen then. "Thanks for the water," he bit back the questionable need to wink and just walked over to the sink to have one more glass. He felt Dream's gaze on him the whole time.

"Why the fuck is there so much tensioooooon?" sounded Sapnap's muffled voice from the table. The silence was deafening. George finished his water and just sighed.

"We kissed," he said, lips a thin line. Dream's eyes kept flicking all over his face. Sapnap's head snapped up so quickly he probably got whiplash.

"What?! Actually?!" his voice was way too high and they all just winced.

"Yep," Dream said then. His fingers drummed over the table.

Sapnap's gaze kept flicking between them both.

"Is this your way of trying to tell me to go take a walk so you can... enjoy each other's company?" he raised his brows and Dream just rolled his eyes. George couldn't help the giggle that escaped him.

"Nope," he shook his head. There was something in Dream's gaze that said he had other thoughts.

"We need to talk first," he said, voice unwavering. With his arm thrown over the chair Dream



looked admirably hot, George had to admit.

Is this the feeling that he felt brewing in himself everytime Dream was near? Were these actual feelings or was he just glad to have someone to cuddle? It seemed trivial, that thought, but he never really gave it any thought ever before.

It seemed somehow natural, to touch Dream. It didn't, not in the beginning, but now it was a part of his daily life. It was his life. Even now his fingers craved to just run along his arm, over that muscle that can be seen under the shirt when he sits like this. Dream would definitely put a hand around his waist then, tug him closer. Would he leave a kiss now too? Is this where they progressed?

Is this what love is? Just wanting someone to be close, always?

"I think I'm just gonna take that walk, okay? I see it in your eyes, I see it! I'm just happy for you guys honestly! Argh finally!" Sapnap screamed as he got up from the table and George just chuckled as he left the kitchen then. He even stepped on the third step, it got lost in the excited "Karl!" they heard from top of the stairs.

Dream cleared his throat. George walked towards him then, just to figure out his theory. His hands were around his waist before he even touched his shoulder. Of course they were.

"I..." Dream began but then just frowned. "You should probably eat something first, you must be starving," his fingers dipped into his hip and George just sighed.

If this is love, it's annoying.

But maybe that's just Dream.

"You're just trying to put this off, I see your ways Mr. Was Taken," he chuckled but still left his embrace and walked towards the fridge.

"I'm not though," he responded weakly and George just rolled his eyes. An arm sneaked around him again and he just smiled as he leaned into the other's chest. Dream left a kiss in his hair.

"We don't need to talk about it if you don't want to," he whispered quietly.

"Trying to back down, hm?" George chuckled. "Do you regret saying you're in love with me already?"

"No," it came too quick. George just smirked. "I just don't want to force you to say it back," he whispered again. There was another kiss in his hair. They heard the front door close loudly. George just chuckled.

"He's such an idiot!"

"He is."

"You're too," he said as he spun around in the hug. Dream stared at him, the brows on the brim of being furrowed. He definitely did want to hear it back. George didn't feel like he could offer it just yet. "I'm not gonna say it back."

He couldn't have missed the flash of hurt on Dream's face even if he tried. His hands settled on Dream's shoulders then, just to ground him down from the clouds of self-doubt, he definitely did not want him going there. "Not yet," he whispered and then against his better judgement he left a

small peck on his lips. Dream looked down at him, arms wrapping tightly behind George's back.

"Okay," he said, quietly. He wetted his lips, but confusion was still pulling on his eyebrows.

"Okay," he repeated even quieter.

"I'm still trying to figure love out, if that's okay," George looked straight into his eyes, he hoped Dream could understand. He hoped the look in his eyes would be enough, but maybe it wasn't, maybe people just can't read your mind even if they love you, because he saw Dream starting to pull away and he grasped tightly onto him.

"It's okay George, I understand," Dream said but his tone was all wrong, he didn't understand, he didn't get it.

"You don't," George said, his fingers clawing at Dream's hoodie. "I..." his voice didn't seem to find its words just yet. "I like it, okay? Everything. I do. But I'm not good with words. Like at all. You're the writer here, you know all about that. And you love like that too, like you're ready to pour it all out for the world, like you're ready to write every single detail out and let them know everything. And I... I don't love like that. Which means we're different but... not in a bad way. Because maybe I need someone like you. Maybe I need someone to pour their love all over me, because maybe then I'll be able to accept it. And I... I accept it, okay? I'm accepting it Dream. And I hope I... I hope I can return the... sentiment."

Dream was staring at him all over again, the look in his eyes changing every second. He took a deep breath in then. Closed his eyes for a second.

His forehead was against George's in no time, just softly touching, hair got in between and it was tickling George's skin but he left it like that, didn't want to disturb the moment.

"You're pretty good with words for someone who says he is bad at it," Dream chuckled softly. George could almost feel his hot breath on his lips. "I'm accepting your sentiment too, George," he laughed softly, his open mouth pressed over George's but it didn't turn into a kiss, just two breaths, mixing into each other.

"I'm glad Sapnap is not here, he would laugh at us," George chuckled softly already hooking an arm around Dream's neck.

"He is probably laughing anyway, telling Karl some bullshit about how he did this," Dream rolled his eyes fondly, smile tugging at his right mouth corner.

"Well, what are we gonna say when they ask," his back was pressed to the refrigerator and Dream just chuckled, voice low. His finger slipped over his cheekbone again.

"Hm, we can just do it your way and completely avoid it."

"Like - oh Dream are you dating George? Hm yeah, that definitely was a question about Dream and me, hah..."

"Yeah, something like that," Dream laughed and left a small kiss on his lips finally. George just grinned widely.

"Cool, that's a deal then."

"It's a deal now? Should I call my lawyer for real?"

"Hm yeah, we need to talk about that 65%," George laughed as he slipped from his embrace and

didn't even protest when he was back in Dream's arms in just a second.

And maybe this was love, standing in a kitchen with a hungover face and not being able to express your feelings but still having someone to put their arms around you as you pour your morning juice. Maybe it was, maybe it wasn't.

Maybe it was just all the love George needs for now. This love and all the touches.

## Chapter End Notes

Surprise, last chapter? I guess?

I don't know, I'm confused myself, okay? But I feel like this feels like an okay end. I could definitely write more but do I want to? This is the only chapter that wasn't written under a fever so yeah enjoy it, there are probably some coherent thoughts here, although no promises.

(It has to be the last chapter because I used up all the lyrics for chapter names already actually)

((You can tell this is a fiction because they actually communicate <3 /j /love them tho))

I...I think I like this ending. It feels like the right one. Kind of open, kind of unsure, kind of unperfect. I like it. I hope you will too.

I'm gonna miss daily posting tbh. I have more of my fever writing but I don't know if I want to post it. Maybe. We will see. It's just some one-shots so maybe I could.

I hope you enjoyed this story. Was there any plot? Eh, questionable. But I hope there was at least some emotional fulfillment somewhere in there for you. I just want someone to cuddle, still.

I'm signing off ...

Thank you for everything. For every single hit, kudos, comment, bookmark, anything. You make me happy. Thank you.

o7

## End Notes

My [Tumblr](#) that I sometimes use.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!